

Would you be so kind by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Based off a song, F/M, Fluff, Mutual Pining, One Shot, They both like each other but too scared to admit it to the other

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Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

El knows Mike knows how she feels about him, but he doesn't seem to act upon it...

Would you be so kind as to fall in love with me?

You see I'm trying, I know you know that I like you but that's not enough,

So if you will, please fall in love with me.

Would you be so kind

Author's Note:

I was listening to Dodie Clark (go check her out if you don't know who I'm talking about she's awesome!) And this popped into my head. (This is my favourite Dodie song!)

1986

El glanced out the corner of her eye at the boy sat next to her at the lunch table. He was telling the group about something funny that happened during last period but she couldn't concentrate. All she could think about was the way his freckles seemed to move along with his face as he laughed, a dimple appearing out the corner of his cheek when he smiled. His hands moved as he acted out the scene and the group were laughing along with him. El realised she wasn't paying attention and tried to copy everyone else so it wasn't obvious she didn't know what was happening...but it was hard to stay focused around him.

They had shared that kiss a few years ago but since then... nothing. They had always had a different relationship to her other friends but they didn't go on dates or hold hands or kiss. But there was *something* there, even if they had never labeled it. She just wished she knew what he was thinking. She could do so many things with her mind but reading other people's was not on the list, much to her annoyance. She wanted him to just tell her what it was they had together. Every time she looked at him, it felt like her lungs ached, longing for something. For him. He knew how she felt about him, surely. She didn't try and hide it, telling him how much she liked his freckles, always being next to him. But somehow he didn't seem to act on it. Was there something wrong with her?

Truth was Mike was scared. He didn't want to ruin their friendship. At night he'd think about plucking up the courage to do something about his feelings, ask her out, kiss her, anything. But then there was

a small part of his mind that wondered if they were better as friends. What if they broke up and he never saw her again...he couldn't bare it. Being friends was better than never being with her at all. But it made his heart hurt thinking about how he was letting her down. She deserved someone who was cool, someone who was brave and someone who wasn't a dumb mouthbreather that couldn't even tell the girl he's loved for two years how he feels.

"What's *wrong* with you Mike." He mumbled into his pillow after another one of his late night debates with himself.

"Hey," Mike leaned against El's locker as she was getting her books ready for last period. She couldn't help but smile at him trying to look cool, he didn't need to do that.

"Hey," she glanced at him out the corner of her eye. This was nothing new, he usually came to see her at her locker.

"So uh...we still on for tonight?" He asked nervously. Every Friday the gang would meet up at Mike's and they'd hang out, watch movies or play games.

"Why wouldn't we be?" She closed her locker.

"Ah well..." He stood up straight and rubbed the back of his neck.. "the others aren't coming."

"Oh." But her heart was beating faster. "Why's that?" She tried to act casual but the butterflies floating around were making it hard.

"Well," he listed off the excuses given by the group, counting them on his fingers. "Will's got a doctor appointment, Max is teaching Dustin to ride a skateboard - I have no idea why. And Lucas said something about an English assignment he forgot was due. If it's weird just us we can cancel I don't min-"

"No." she said a little too quick. "No, its fine." she said slower and calmer, acting casual and not like her heart was about to explode from her chest at the thought of being alone with him.

"Ah, ok. Uh, cool." Mike smiled and backed away. "I gotta go to science, but I'll see you later -ouch." El laughed as Mike walked into someone's open locker door. He smiled but turned around and quickly walked off, embarrassed.

Way to look like a dork Wheeler, he sighed and hurried to class hoping no one else had seen that.

"No way, Yoda could totally beat E.T in a fight." They were sat in Mike's basement after watching Star Wars, having a debate about who could really win in a fight. El playfully shoved Mike off the couch when he disagreed with her. Laughter erupted in the small basement, both trying to catch their breath.

"This is nice," El smiled, "just us two." She tried to judge how his face had changed. Did she maybe cross the unspoken territory they hadn't dare mention since 1983? She looked down and away when he didn't say anything.

Right, guess we're getting into this now. She took a deep breath and thought: *here goes nothing.*

"Do you like me?" she whispered, his face started to turn pink.

"Of- of course I like you. We're friends aren't we?" he stuttered, standing up from where he had been on the floor.

"Not like that...you know what I mean." her eyes met his, neither daring to look away.

"I uh..." Mike didn't know how to respond. He didn't just like her, he was pretty sure he *loved* her but there was no way he could say that.

She hesitantly reached out and touched his hand.

"Do you feel *anything* when I touch your hand?" She tried to read his face. "It feels like my heart is going to explode just being around you. I didn't really understand why but I do now..."

"El..." He reached out for her but she had already dropped his hand and backed away.

"I wish you'd consider someone else's feelings and just..." She trailed off. She regretted ever bringing it up. He knew how she felt but it wasn't enough. She just hoped that maybe...just maybe he felt the same way. That he'd fall in love with her just as she had with him.

"Just...what?" He slowly stepped towards her.

"Just," she took a deep breath. "Would you please fall in love with me?" She couldn't meet his eyes. She'd said it.

El didn't have time to process what was happening when she felt Mike's lips meet hers. Their foreheads remained pressed together, Mike's hand cupping her cheek and her hand gently stroking the hair at the back of his neck.

They remained in silence for a few moments, both trying to figure out what this means. El swore he was able to hear her heart. It was beating faster than ever before. All because of Mike. Mike Wheeler.

"So...?" He raised an eyebrow at her. "Does that answer your question?" He never pulled away from her and smiled as their noses pressed together.

She nodded and pulled him closer again. He never failed to give her butterflies.